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The Hylan Administration

The relations of the Hylan administration to Tammany and Hearst and what these relations imply ought by this time to be so plain to the public as to need no further emphasis.

Likewise plain and not needing stress are the ignorance and incapacity of its head and the cheap gauziness of its demagoguery. Since consolidation there have been four Mayors elected by Tammany votes. Of the quartet Hylan has been the most inadequate. Compared to him even Van Wyck was highly intelligent.

But leaving out of view for the moment the Tammany-Hearst connection and conceding for argument's sake that the Mayor has meant well, let us consider the practical consequences of his election four years ago.

As a candidate John P. Hylan declared that the city government, as then conducted, was wildly extravagant. He pledged himself to reduce taxation. What has happened? Taking together the rise in assessments and the increase in the tax levy, he has doubled taxation. The average citizen of New York paid to the city about \$25 in 1917. He now gives up \$50. With \$200 to \$250 collected from property owners, who pass the bill on to tenants, is it strange rents are up? The Mayor has complained of profiteering. His administration has itself profited by charging 100 per cent more for an inferior sort of government.

Next to reducing taxes, Candidate Hylan promised better schools. Not one new school building has his administration opened. The army of half-time pupils was never so large as now. The schools are pitifully disorganized. There has been deliberate refusal to provide money to meet \$32,000,000 of authorized school expenditure. At best this year's proper burden is passed on to next year, and at worst many schools are threatened with closure.

Next Candidate Hylan pledged a solution of the tripartite Death Avenue, Riverside Park and terminal problem. He would scrap the matured project on which years of labor had been spent and devise something much better. The scrapping occurred, but that's all. Death Avenue continues to take its toll and lack of terminals continues to increase the cost of living. Incidentally it may be remarked that the Hylan administration has created practically no public improvements, such as even the worst of Tammany administrations have not heretofore neglected.

The traction record of the administration is equally barren and harmful. The candidate said great things were to be done. What we have received is a stoppage of developments and a disintegration of the traction systems which compels thousands and thousands to pay for transfers and double and triple fares. The claim that fares have been kept down is false. Not only are there double and triple fares, but by landing on the city treasury the burden of paying interest on traction bonds the actual subway fare is now about seven cents—five cents paid by the passenger as a passenger and two cents as a taxpayer. The only users of city rapid transit who escape the seven-cent fare are non-residents.

It is not necessary to prolong this review. The hand of Hylanism is on practically every city department. The public pays more and gets less. The Mayor presents himself as the poor man's friend. If this is the case, God help the poor!

Hobey

Only an official inquiry can develop the facts and fix the responsibility involved in the piling up of the steamship Alaska on the California coast and the loss of forty-seven of her company. The Alaska laid herself broad on Blunt's Reef in a dense fog. An assistant engineer is reported to have testified at a coroner's inquest at Eureka that she was proceeding at the moment of disaster at full speed.

We hope when the whole truth is known that it will be disclosed that the Alaska's master, Harry Hobey, was on the bridge, where he belonged

in such weather, and navigating the vessel with the caution imposed by the circumstances and the experience of the sea. We hope that it will be shown that Captain Hobey was under reduced speed, with lookouts properly placed and his sounding machine and lead working. It would be a matter of keen regret to learn that it was just one more instance of "taking a chance" for Hobey must have been so much of a man.

"No; I prefer to go down with my ship."

That was his answer when offered a life belt. And he went down with her, true to his sea tribe's tradition. There are some cynics who may call it folly. We think the manner of his going partook of something of the divine. Unafraid, he made the supreme decision.

Better Understanding

Lord Bryce's statement that Japan, paraphrasing Kipling, "learned about intrigue from us," embodies no new truth. In various ways it has often been said before. Nevertheless Lord Bryce seems right in intimating Japan may be excused some cynicism. European flags float over parts of the Chinese homeland. How did they get there and by what power do they stay there? Christian nations, alas! have been the great grabbers.

Are we just as bad? Let us hope not. But what would we have done if tempted? Then comes another thought. How sacred are the claims of a backward country against the intrusion of a more advanced one? May a group of people, by mere possession of part of the earth's surface, forbid the proper use of nature's gifts and dwell inviolate in chronic misery? Is it not a glorious thing, for example, that America accepted the trusteeship of the Philippines and has given the labor of noble lives and bounteously of its wealth to uplift the Filipinos?

For nearly twenty centuries, until the British came in, India and Egypt were oppressed by sordid anarchy. Since the Romans left, North Africa, until the French came, sank lower and lower. It sometimes seems as if so-called liberals, parroting phrases, do not take sufficient note of the facts of life. What is berated as imperialism is not altogether base. Another consideration is pertinent. Missionaries of good, their hearts pure, go forth to help. As an incident to helping they establish institutions and recruit followers, and their work becomes so enmeshed with circumstances as to lay the foundations for national expansion. Is it endurable, when there is a re-urgency of barbarism, to have overwhelmed the results of years of unselfish labor? Then there are the missionaries of business, who individually pursue selfish ends, but collectively insensibly bring in better ways. Are their titles subordinate to the caprices of local passion or to the whims of some despot who happens to gain power to wreck?

Then aside from the rights of a resident population are the rights of the incomers. Need we feel ashamed of erecting the white man's house where stood the red man's tepee? Japan's population is increasing at the rate of 12 per cent a year, and, considering her present congestion, it is necessary for her people to go elsewhere or develop outside markets to give them a chance to live. On the Chinese mainland are vast regions little occupied, inhabited by nomads or semi-nomads. Who has the better right—those who only partially use or those who will put to complete use? The parable of the talents comes to mind, with its lesson that the servant who buried the treasure confided to him was not as worthy as the servant who gave it increase.

It would be excellent if it were more the human habit to think problems through and it were less common to seize on some particular formula, as was the practice of President Wilson, and assume for it universal and absolute applicability. Patience and tolerance, leading to a more perfect understanding of the problems of each nation, would help secure against war.

The Trade in Narcotics

The American Vice-Consul at Changsha, China, Walter A. Adams, acted with fine courage in seizing, at the risk of his life, tons of opium over which the American flag had been fraudulently thrown.

The incident is a reminder of the fact that Americans are so greatly interested in the manufacture and export of narcotic drugs as to suggest that a considerable part of their goods reaches the illicit trade. Official statistics are most disquieting. In 1918 there was manufactured and shipped from New York 12,364 ounces of morphine. In 1919 the amount was 33,696 ounces. In the first three-fourths of 1920 it was 61,175 ounces, and if that rate was maintained during the rest of the year the total was 81,566 ounces, or an increase of 562 per cent in two years.

Manufactures and shipments of cocaine in 1918 were 43,521 ounces, and in 1919 they were 38,446 ounces. In the first nine months of 1920 they were 81,042 ounces, suggesting a total for that whole year of 108,056 ounces, an increase of more than 181 per cent in a year.

These vast quantities of narcotic drugs are, moreover, only a part of

the total manufactured in the United States and shipped to other countries—largely, it is complained, to China. Is this enormous increase needed to meet a corresponding increase in legitimate demand?

The United States is under a strong obligation not to permit the illicit shipment of narcotics to China. But there is a still more potent reason for closer supervision of the traffic. There is cause to believe that drugs, made here ostensibly for export largely, reach illicit dealers in the United States, and that drugs sent abroad are returned through secret channels.

It is to be feared that the special champions of prohibition, particularly the officers of the Anti-Saloon League, are unalive to one of the gravest dangers confronting the future of prohibition. If the suppression of alcoholism leads to the development of a worse form of intoxication, what will happen to the Eighteenth Amendment? It surely is a startling thing that in two years the American manufacture of narcotic drugs has increased nearly sixfold. Yet if the Anti-Saloon League is greatly concerned the fact is kept from the public. The counsel of the league is putting in his time lobbying for the bill, of most doubtful constitutionality, forbidding under all conditions the prescription of beer as a tonic medicine.

Tax-Free Bonds

Senator Smoot proposes that the Twentieth Amendment to the Federal Constitution shall permit the collection of taxes on income derived from state and municipal bonds.

Here would be a change worth while. The annual value of the present exemption is \$700,000,000. Interest on the present net national debt would practically be taken care of if one income looked the same as any other to Uncle Sam.

Moreover, for reasons that have been brought out in the discussion of the income surtaxes, the exemption of state and municipal bonds discourages productive enterprises and encourages state and municipal extravagance. Speaking broadly, the proceeds of state and municipal bonds are spent on non-productive undertakings. By impounding investment bonds there is less available for productive enterprises. Thus the whole country, whose primary interest is in production, is disadvantaged.

The theory of the exemption is that to permit Federal taxation of the securities of local governments might lead to their extinction by taxation. The fear is imaginary—is a survival from days when the Federal government was viewed as a possible enemy. If the amendment is drawn so as to make it impossible to discriminate against the present tax-exempts, then states and cities may be quite sure that the level of taxation will not be high enough to extinguish them, for if it was, then it would be high enough to extinguish every other interest.

It has not been fair to let those who had the luck to invest in the tax-exempts go free while others have borne staggering burdens. Public opinion should get behind the Smoot amendment.

The Dreicer Primitives

From the published list of works of art in the bequest made by the late Michael Dreicer to the Metropolitan Museum it is apparent that he was not altogether indifferent to the cult for Renaissance painting and sculpture which has been so characteristic of American connoisseurs in recent years. There is a portrait by Lorenzo Lotto. There is a Della Robbia group. There are religious compositions from the Italian school in the same period. But the special note of the Dreicer collection is one less familiar in this country, on the value of which it is peculiarly interesting to dwell. It is the note of "Primitive" simplicity and truth as it was struck in northern Europe.

Modern art is hovering on the brink of that melting pot in which, as some commentators like to believe, everything is to be beautifully made over for the benefit of a new generation. The historic modes, we are told, are hopelessly outworn. Fleckish innovators long to push into the bubbling brew of modernist experiment if only to "see what will happen." At such a time every call to thoughtful prudence, to tried fidelities, to sanity, in a word, is doubly precious. That is the significance of the Dreicer pictures and other objects. They recall us to incomparable standards.

It may seem to the layman who has not meditated on the traits of early Flemish art that they are arid, even ugly, beside the masterpieces of the south. The typical Italian painting of the Primitive era has an extraordinary charm in its naïveté, it is tenderly alluring, it is essentially a thing of grace and beauty. Art in the north appears, by comparison, harsh and bleak. Nevertheless great beauty is there, the beauty of sincere feeling and a profound artistic rectitude, which easily counterbalances the want of sensuous appeal. Mr. Dreicer comprehended this. He loved the stern realism in the portraits of Memling, Van Der Weyden, Mabuse and Cranach. He kindled to the concentrated emotion and the superlative workmanship in

the devotional art of their epoch. He grasped the fact that the art of painting has never had a nobler meaning than in certain of its more austere phases.

It is in giving to the Metropolitan some masterly illustrations of an inspiring tradition that Mr. Dreicer has rendered a rich, constructive and timely service to the public. His paintings hold up once more for our study and delight ideals of spiritual serenity—and conscientious technique. They affirm lasting principles of pure color, polished draftsmanship and dignified style. There has been, of course, no lack of similarly sound object lessons in the museum. But the Dreicer bequest, through its compactness, its brilliance and its individuality, will command special attention. Its Flemish pictures, its French Gothic sculptures and enamels, withdraw us for a moment from thoughts of art as a decorative luxury and ally it instead with everything that is fine in the human soul. The art lovers of America have received no more admirable gift.

Undermining

Sir Philip Gibbs harping on the Theme of Franco-British Rupture To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Sir Philip Gibbs, who was known as a fiction writer but became a war correspondent, has lately been contributing syndicated Sunday articles to the American press which are being published by The New York Herald here and by the Hearst press on the Pacific Coast. These articles have been characterized by a fearful repetition of the theme that the entente cordiale between France and Great Britain is near a break. The last article, published yesterday, again announced this as a "painful fact." This accompanied by much hacky prostration of love for France, winding up, however, in charging France with moral dereliction over the question of Upper Silesia, which, according to Sir Philip Gibbs, is "strictly and lawfully German," being in that respect more German than the Germans.

This statement of fact may be weighed in the light of an Associated Press dispatch published in this morning's Tribune, in which it is stated that France supports the Polish claims to the mining district of Silesia, made up of 803 townships (to the east of the Oder), of which 673 voted Polish. Were this district to be awarded to Germany it would constitute the ideal war plant for her next aggression. This dispatch from an impartial American source may be contrasted to the statements of Sir Philip Gibbs, whose activities should be considered in the light of the following passage taken from that same Associated Press dispatch:

"Premier Briand insists with the utmost firmness upon the broad justice of the French government's position. He affirms that it is a question between eighteen or twenty cosmopolitan financiers on the one side and the mass of Polish workers on the other."

Sir Philip Gibbs doth protest too much his affection for France. British publicists whose motto is not "for revenue only" have better work to perform than to undermine Franco-British-American solidarity, without which world peace is doomed.

I write as an American who is a friend of both Great Britain and France. MAURICE LEON. New York, Aug. 8, 1921.

Invisible Exports

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I read with intense interest your editorial in today's paper on "Our South American Trade," and I wish, through your columns, to call the attention of American capitalists and exporters to the thing which, to my knowledge, is the key to the whole situation, namely: Invisible exports. For the benefit of those not familiar with this term I will explain its meaning. Invisible exports are the generally kept secret interest or profit made on capital invested in foreign countries.

South America is full of investment opportunities. Great Britain, fully aware of this fact, has taken advantage of the other countries' stupor to jump into the lead. And now perhaps you will wonder what good were Britain's invisible exports to her? Answer: She had a favorable balance of trade even when her imports far exceeded her exports.

The benefits our trade with South American countries would derive from capital invested there are too obvious to need lengthy explanation. I believe that a corporation of capitalists should be formed to study these great investment opportunities and to open up the road to increased national wealth through invisible exports.

ARMAND CARUSON. Brooklyn, Aug. 8, 1921.

"Some One Else"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Doubtless you are burdened with letters about some one else's, because of your laconic "set" in Saturday's issue. I do not presume to cavil at your dictum, especially since dictionaries now condone the phrase as a substantive one. Nevertheless, could you not have spared space enough to add that some one else is permissible as an archaism?

In certain parts of our country, where shall and will are still correctly used unwittingly, else is always remembered as an adverb. I am mindful of the old, retired Maine schoolmaster who taught me fly fishing, and who once pertinently snapped: "Say, 'somebody's else' rod; else you are wrong! I had as lief hear you split an infinitive." To my grandmother the phrase was so uncouth that once, when I happened to remark that a book was some one else's, she sarcastically asked: "What, Elsie's, Elsie Hobbs'?" her hired girl.

E. P. C. New York, Aug. 8, 1921.

The Conning Tower

Enigma
(From The Provocant)
Love, if I only knew!
What can the answer be?
If I cared less for you,
Would you care more for me?
Love, it's a mystery.
Can it be this is true:
If you cared more for me,
Would I care less for you?
Isosceles.

The Lucy Stone League, or Something

(From The South Hadley Falls (Mass.) News)
Miss Anna Stimpson and son Edward are the guests of her sister Mrs. James Collier of Gaylord Street.

Omissions from Mr. Neal R. O'Hara's Evening World list of tours: Carle, Ala.; Pontifical, Mass.; Otto, Conn.; Feeling, Ill.; Wealthof, Ind.; and Bon, Mo.

Hymn of Detestation
I hate Joe Mott—
Eheu fugaces!
He says "I've got
Two pairs . . .
of aces." J. L. R.

Are we a candidate for the psychopathic ward? (After having read Hutchinson's If Winter Comes, we began to read Mary Borden's The Tortoise. And that, too, it seems to us, is full of the same cadences. Can it be that we have metrical monomania? Are these lines, from The Tortoise, accidental?)

Then what was the use of thinking of things that were not to be?
Thinking of her lover gave her no clue to her husband.
It was growing warm in the garden. The morning had deepened.
The flowers glowed. They meant nothing to her.
Her eyes skimmed over their colors impatiently.
There was the house beyond at the end of the long lawn.
Maybe the house would tell her what she wanted to know.

A bluejay flashed from one tree to another. A [peevish] haze hung above the river to the fields.
She took the path that led to the orchard. Sweetbriar made a frail green tunnel for her to pass through.
In the direction of the stables she heard the sound of splashing water.

The river was deep at the bottom of the field.
Its black current slid by swiftly. She stood with her back against
The trunk of a tree and looked down into the water.

If these are accidental, we apologize to Mary Borden, and to A. S. M. Hutchinson. If not, we want to know all there is to know about this curious affectation.

The Groaning Board

Evergreen Corn, Evergreen Corn,
Whenever I eat I'm glad I was born.
But never I eat it, though Scotch Pie,
I can't get enough, though I certainly try.
HELEN G.

Bacon and Eggs Just Turned Out of the Pan

That's what there's nothing delicioiser than.
D. K.

Hot Apple Dumplings, though many folks fall for.

Are a decoction I don't care at all for.

"Believe it or Not," writes Louis Untermeyer, from Chateaugay Lake, "but I pay 25c an hour for the use of a piano at an adjoining farmhouse. When I told her I wanted to bring some one to play four-handed pieces, she said she'd have to charge double."

"Although Lowe's middle name is Gordon," comments the Times tennis reporter, "there is a general belief that his parents made a serious mistake in not calling him 'Steady.'" Or Sweetand.

The taxes on tennis rackets and balls and ice cream soda are to be repealed, probably, and we have requested a proportionate reduction in salary.

The Cubicle Talkers
(In the Maternity Hospital)
"You awake, dearie?"
"Uh-huh."
"Say, listen, dearie, would you like a book?"
"A book?"
"Uh-huh. I got a book. And I just thought maybe you'd like it. To sort of rest you. There's something awful restful. I always think about having a book. Especially in a hospital. It makes you feel so sort of rested. So listen, dearie, I've got this book, see, and if you'd like it you're welcome to it."
"What sort of a book?"
"Oh, I haven't read it. I don't have to read it because it isn't a library book, see? It's my brother's book. It was a present to him, and my husband borrowed it off of him, so I could have it for a book in the hospital. But I don't have to read it here. I could read it at home if I wanted to. So you're welcome to it. That's right, dearie, I'll ask the nurse to take it to you. There's something awful restful. I always think about a book."
M. A. B.

Last year he went runless from Aug. 12 to Aug. 14.—The World.
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!

"I am satisfied that apartment rents are coming down," said Mr. Stewart Browne, president of the United Real Estate Owners' Association.

The rest of us won't be satisfied until.
F. P. A.

OUR GOVERNMENT VENTURE WITH THE MERCHANT MARINE.
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Books
By Heywood Brown

The greatest hardship of a book reviewer is the necessity to keep constantly in fighting trim. We would be able to read a great deal more if it were not that throwing the medicine ball, skipping the rope and the daily set-ups with our sparring partners take up so much time. However, it is not wasted effort.

"Tell me this," writes J. J. C. from Pueblo, Col., "why in hell did you give way to the boorish impulse that caused you at the close of your review of The Sheik to offer E. M. Hull a gratuitous insult? His only offense was his book, which you, as was your right, condemned, and it is difficult to understand why, merely because the feminine psychology of the story irked you, you should feel constrained to go out of your way to belittle the author in particulars not at all germane to his book. He may be, as you guess, 'at least five feet four inches in height, but your remarks show that you, too, must be pretty small. Wouldn't it be a good joke, by the way, if Hull should unexpectedly happen into your office some day and deposit with you a man's size wallet that would leave your features in a condition of complete disorganization?"

Our correspondent, it seems to us, has a rudimentary sense of humor. We can think up many better jokes.

However, it's all right. Dulcinea D. Cervantes writes that she knows E. M. Hull and that her name is Edith. "I don't think she is a native of Bloomsbury," she adds. "Some place up north I believe. About the hay fever I couldn't say—she might, and then again she mightn't."

Speaking of hay, we are willing to head the subscription list in a buy-a-bale movement for Senator Lusk.

"I wish to call your attention to a review in your book column of a novel named The Sheik," writes Daniel A. Blatch. "Your review, which was pointed out to me by a friend, seems to have committed a sin of omission rather than commission in that you failed to condemn in unqualified terms a story which apparently can benefit neither the manners nor morals of the young people of our land. I am surprised that you—even if for advertising reasons—should have been led to restrain yourself in unqualified disapproval of what is unquestionably, I fear, a most revolting story.

"First, I wish to state that I am a gentleman of the old school who cherishes in his heart of hearts a reverence for womanhood, and the thought of a man striking one of the weaker vessels, as your review of The Sheik explicitly states, is enough to send the red blood coursing through my veins. Moreover, the intimacy of the heroine with the various low Arabs she encounters is immoral in its suggestion.

"It is such dereliction that makes one recall poignantly the passing of that brave old crusader, Anthony Comstock, who carried for so many years the light of morality into the dark places of books and stage plays. It is not too late for you, sir, to take up the lamp where another has laid it down.

WILLIAM H. FLEMING. Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 6, 1921.

"Among Us Mortals"

Hill's Drawings Like Letters From Home to Americans Abroad To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: For the last eleven months the undersigned has had occasion to travel through all the countries of southwestern Europe. Being a confirmed fan of W. E. Hill's "Among Us Mortals," my journey has been immensely cheered from time to time by the thoughtfulness of a friend in forwarding those pages. This letter is not written, however, merely to express personal feelings, but to call your attention to a fact that may interest you.

All over Europe, among resident and traveling Americans, the mention of Hill's name is received with the most intimate knowledge and the greatest enthusiasm. Next to a letter from home his pages are about the most delightful souvenir of the United States our wandering countrymen can chance upon. I think I am safe in saying that hardly one of his pages crosses the Atlantic that is not passed around again and again and made to do no double but triple and quadruple duty. They are read with an eagerness that has its pathos and that speaks for the rare American quality in them, as well as their delicious humor—a quality which people living at home can hardly be conscious of. If you doubt this, pick up a page of Hill when you have not heard a word of English all day.

In behalf of a large number of Americans in Europe who I know personally come to a page of Hill with the pleasure of the hungry to a feast, may I thank you for giving at "Among Us Mortals?" J. W. R. Oxford, England, July 26, 1921.

Orange County Bee Census

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Concerning the article published in your Sunday issue two weeks ago on the census of bee colonies in Orange County, New York, we would like to say that the census was not to count the number of bees and stamp out disease. It was only for the purpose of locating and ascertaining the number of hives or colonies so that the bee farmer might be kept informed of the progress made in exterminating American and European foulbrood, with which I will venture to say not one-ninth per cent of the bees are infected.

We have taken the matter up directly with E. F. Phillips, apiculturist, Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C., and his reply is practically the same as the above. In addition he says: "It is, of course, absurd to state that either of the diseases can be in any way communicated to persons who eat honey from colonies having these diseases, since both of these diseases are caused by bacteria which do not affect human beings in any way whatever."

STABLE BROTHERS. Monroe, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1921.

A Shift of Position
(From The Los Angeles Times)

Why should scientists worry over the fact that a California mountain has moved ten feet one way and six feet another in a period of three-quarters of a century? The party of Hamilton and Jefferson has moved more than that from its original moorings, and scientists are paying no attention to that.